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SELECTION

OF

H Y M N S

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH



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1871

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

NEW YORK



THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

NEW YORK

HYMNS.



Hymn 1. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small !
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the *everlasting* song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Hymn 2. L. M.

On the opening of a Sunday School.

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which gives our feeble plans success.
 Here may we oft delight to meet
 Our youthful charge at Jesus' feet.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
 Long may they echo to thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his word imparts
 To conquer youthful sinners' hearts.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born for glory here.

Hymn 3. C. M.

"Lord teach us to pray."

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace betimes impart;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my infant heart.

- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from the birth I strayed,
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive
And wash away their stain;
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face,
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

Hymn 4. C. M.

Praise for religious instruction.

- 1 **T**HE soul untaught is dark as night
Where every evil dwells;
All hail instruction's sacred light,
Which all this night dispels!
- 2 Once rude and ignorant we were,
With natures prone to stray!
Blest now by pity's kindest care,
We hear of wisdom's way.
- 3 Our sabbaths once in vain we spent,
Neglected and unblest;
But now the house of prayer frequent,
To keep the sacred rest.

- 4 Jesus invites young children near,
 Oh may we straight obey !
 Give us, oh Lord, the attentive ear,
 And teach our hearts to pray.
- 5 Jesus was once, like us, a child,
 And children still he loves ;
 Like him may we be meek and mild,
 And all that he approves.
- 6 Our parents, friends, and teachers bless,
 And all their care repay ;
 Bless them, oh Lord, with thy rich grace
 And teach the world thy way.

Hymn 5. S. M.

Praise to God for learning to read.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learnt so young,
 To read his holy word.
- 2 That I am brought to know
 The danger I was in ;
 By nature and by practice too,
 A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well ;
 And whither shall a sinner flee,
 To save his soul from hell ?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go,
 For grace to pardon all my sin,
 And make me holy too.

- 5 Here I can read and learn,
 How Christ, the Son of God,
 Did undertake our great concern,
 Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
 He sends his Spirit down,
 To show the wonders of his love,
 And make his gospel known.
- 7 Oh may that Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive,
 Those truths, which all thy servants preach
 And all thy saints believe.
- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learned in vain.

Hymn 6. C. M.

Praise and Prayer.

- 1 **H**EAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer
 In heaven thy dwelling place,
 From infants made the public care,
 And taught to seek thy face!
- 2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
 And grant what we implore,
 Never to waste in sinful play
 Thy holy sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear—but oh impart
 To each desire sincere!
 That we may listen with our heart,
 And learn as well as hear.

- 4 For if vain thoughts the mind engage
Of elder far than me ;
What hope that at our thoughtless age,
Our mind should e'er be free ?
- 5 Much hope, if thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Thou canst the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.
- 6 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines ;
And be thy mercies pour'd on those
Who placed us where it shines.

Hymn 7. L. M.

The Bible.

- 1 **T**HIS is a precious book indeed !
Happy the child that loves to read !
'Tis God's own word which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven !
- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
Here his commands are written too,
'To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But what is more than all beside.
The Bible tells us, Jesus died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

- 5 Be thankful, children, that you may
 Read this good Bible every day :
 'Tis God's own word which he has given
 To show your souls the way to heaven.

Hymn 8. L. M.

Going to the house of God.

- 1 **I** AM a child, in knowledge young,
 But Christ shall have my heart and tongue,
 My tender years, my rising days,
 Shall be devoted to his praise.
- 2 Amidst the temple of his grace
 I'll haste to meet my Saviour's face ;
 My parents shall behold with joy
 My heart and tongue in this employ.
- 3 The name of Jesus, oh ! how sweet !
 I'll fall prostrated at his feet ;
 A soul that's born again may sing
 Hosannas loud to this dear King.
- 4 The saints shall reign in bliss above,
 And climb the hills of heavenly love ;
 Millions of children then shall stand
 For ever blest at thy right hand.
- 5 Be this my lot ; to see that face
 That bore for me so much disgrace :
 'Then, with ten thousand angels bright,
 My soul shall sing with saints in light.
- 6 All eye, all ear, nor sin, nor death,
 But Christ and joy fill every breath ;
 My dear relations with me then
 Shall sing, I trust, a loud Amen.

Hymn 9. C. M.

Christ's gracious Advent.

- 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

Hymn 10. L. M.

Attending Public Worship.

- 1 **W**HEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word, and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above.
- 2 They stand before his presence now,
And praise him better far than we,
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love him, though we cannot see.
- 3 But God is present every where,
And watches all our thoughts and ways ;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.
- 4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only *seem* to take a part ;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.
- 5 Oh may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn, by sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven !

Hymn 11. C. M.

The Little Pilgrim.

- 1 **T**HERE is a path that leads to God—
All others go astray—
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road ;
And Christians love the way.

- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin ;
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein
 Will come to smile at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread :
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful trav'lers spread ;
- 4 While the broad road where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair :
 And many turn aside, I know,
 To walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide
 Or wander from thy way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.
- 6 Then I may go without alarm,
 And trust his word of old ;—
 “ The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
 And lead them to the fold.”
- 7 Thus I may safely venture through
 Beneath my Shepherd's care :
 And keep the gate of heaven in view,
 Till I shall enter there.

Hymn 12. L. M.

Time flying, Death hastening.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, awake, nor slumb'ring lie
 Amidst the gloomy haunts of death ;
 Perhaps the awful hour is nigh :
 Commissioned for your parting breath.

- 2 That awful hour will soon appear :
 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
 When all that pains or pleases here
 Will vanish from your closing eyes.
- 3 Death calls your friends, your parents hence,
 And none resist the fatal dart ;
 Continual warnings strike your sense,
 And shall they fail to reach your heart ?
- 4 Shall gay amusements rise between,
 When scenes of horror spread around !
 Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
 And ah, how sure, how deep they wound !
- 5 Think, dear young friends, how much depends
 On the short period of a day ;
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?
- 6 Ensure your nobler life on high,
 Life from a dying Saviour's blood ;
 Then though your minutes swiftly fly,
 They bear you nearer to your God.

Hymn 13. L. M.

A General Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER, adored in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
 Thy kingdom come with power and love ;
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care ;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake
 Oh ! let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow men of ours partake.

- 3 Evils beset us every hour :
 Thy kind protection we implore ;
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power ;
 Be thine the glory evermore !

Hymn 14. L. M.

" Our Father who art in heaven."

- 1 **G**REAT God, and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father, and my Friend !
 I a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.
- 2 Art thou my Father ! Canst thou bear
 To hear my poor imperfect prayer,
 Or stoop to listen to the praise
 That such a little one can raise ?
- 3 Art thou my Father ? Let me be
 A meek, obedient child to thee ;
 And try in word, and deed, and thought,
 To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? I'll depend
 Upon the care of such a friend ;
 And only wish to do, and be,
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father ? then at last,
 When all my days on earth are past,
 Send down and take me in thy love,
 To be thy better child above.

Hymn 15. C. M.

For a child that feels it has a wicked heart.

- 1 **W**HAT is there, Lord, a child can do
Who feels with guilt opprest?
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.
- 2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
My temper apt to rise;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.
- 3 Whene'er to thy commands I turn,
I find I've broken them;
And in thy holy Scriptures learn
That God will sin condemn.
- 4 And yet, if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry;
Some thoughts of folly or of play,
Prevent me when I try.
- 5 On many sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word
Or prayed to be forgiven!
- 6 Oh look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard!
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.
- 7 The work I cannot undertake
I leave to thee alone;
I pray thee for thy mercy's sake
To change this heart of stone.

Hymn 16. C. M.

The Saviour's call to the Young.

- 1 **L**ET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above ;
'Tis God, the holy Saviour, speaks,
And every word is love.
- 2 Though filled with awe, before his throne
Each angel veils his face ;
He'll take poor children for his own,
And save them by his grace.
- 3 Oh may the child that lives in sin,
Enslaved by Satan's power,
Meekly obey the call divine,
In this appointed hour.
- 4 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
The path that leads to death ;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view ;
Look, and be saved by faith.
- 5 "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through my atoning blood ;
And thou shalt claim and find in me
A Saviour and a God."
- 6 Lord, speak these words to every heart,
By thine almighty voice ;
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

Hymn 17. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts arise, and soar above,
To realms of everlasting day ;

Ascend my soul, from earthly love,
From every mortal care away.

- 2 Oh may I be at peace with heaven,
Before the summons call me hence !
May I but know my sins forgiven
Before I bid adieu to sense.
- 3 Oh ! what reception must I find,
From him who all in heaven obey ?
Who knows the secrets of the mind,
And every action will display.
- 4 Almighty God, eternal name,
Who bidst the awful thunder roar ;
Whose voice shakes all creation's frame,
Whose mercy's boundless as thy power.
- 5 May I thy praises ever sing,
When this frail world shall be no more,
When all thy saints are gathered in,
And thine eternal truth adore.
- 6 There may I join th' angelic throng,
To celebrate thy name above,
Who art the infinite unknown,
And wond'rous is thy saving love

Hymn 18. P. M.

CHILDREN.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise,
For favours so divine
Our grateful notes we'll raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs,
His love demands your noblest songs.

CHILDREN.

- 2 When wand'ring far astray,
In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone be all the praise,
Who turns your feet from sinful ways.

CHILDREN.

- 3 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love
Through all the pages shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Whose sacred book is sent to you.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Within this sacred house
Our youthful feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise abound,
And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praises bring,
And with his saints his glories sing.

CHILDREN.

- 5 For favours such as these
Our grateful thanks receive,

Lord, here accept our hearts,
 'Tis all that we can give.

CONGREGATION.

Great God accept their infant songs,
 To thee alone the praise belongs.

CHORUS.

- 6 Lord, let this glorious work
 Be crowned with large success !
 May thousands yet unborn
 This institution bless !
 Then shall thy praise be 'sounded high,
 Throughout a vast eternity.

Hymn 19. C. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, let us ascribe,
 For what his hands have wrought
 That some among our infant tribe
 Have been to Jesus brought.
- 2 The Lord has owned our feeble aim,
 His glory to extend ;
 May those who lately have been bless'd
 Continue to the end.
- 3 We spread our wants before thy throne
 As thou wouldst have us do ;
 Oh carry on thy gracious work,
 And every soul renew.
- 4 And now, oh Lord, with us begin,
 In us display thy power ;
 And more devoted to our God
 Oh make us from this hour.

- 5 More for the children may we feel,
 More to the purpose strive ;
 We cannot do too much for Him
 Who died that we might live.

Hymn 20. L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Being ! Source of love !
 Permit us to approach thy seat ;
 We have an Advocate above,
 And plead His merits at thy feet.
- 2 Us, thou hast call'd to labour here,
 To train the rising race for heaven .
 Oh may we do it in thy fear,
 And use the talents thou hast given.
- 3 We love the children of our charge ;
 To them our weak instructions bless .
 Our borders, gracious Lord, enlarge,
 And crown our school with great success.
- 4 What can we do without thine aid ?
 Therefore to thee for help we fly ;
 Oh may we never be dismayed,
 For thou canst every want supply.
- 5 Many among our yorthful train,
 Remain as wicked as before :
 Their conduct often gives us pain,
 But yet we will not give them o'er.
- 6 In some thy love a work has wrought,
 Which time, we hope will not efface ,
 May all their tender minds be brought
 'To taste the riches of thy grace !

- 7 Lord ! we will pray and labour still,
 And sow the seed with heart sincere ;
 And if it be thy heavenly will,
 Soon may more pleasing fruits appear.

Hymn 21. L. M.

CONGREGATION.

- 1 **G**REAT God accept our songs of praise
 Which we would to thy honour raise
 Bless our attempts to spread abroad
 The knowledge of our Saviour, God.

CHILDREN.

- 2 Next to our God our thanks are due
 To those who did compassion show,
 In kindly pointing out the road
 That leads to Christ the way to God

CONGREGATION.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own ;
 Great God the work is thine alone !
 Thou didst at first our hearts incline
 To carry on this great design.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
 To hear God's word, to keep his day :
 Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—
 Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

CONGREGATION.

- 5 With those dear children we'll unite
 Their songs inspire us with delight :

Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

CHILDREN.

6 Great God our benefactors bless,

CONGREGATION.

And crown thy work with great success :

BOTH.

Oh may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.
Hallelujah.

Hymn 22. C. M.

On the death of a Teacher.

- 1 **W**HAT though the arm of conquering
death
Does God's own house invade ;
What though our *brother** and our friend
Be numbered with the dead !
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructing tongue ;
- 3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart ;
Be thou our leader and our guide,
And rule in every heart.

* Or sister.

! Yes, while the dear Redeemer reigns,
 We have a boundless store ;
 And shall be fed with what he gives,
 Who lives for evermore.

Hymn 23. L. M.

Teacher's Prayer Meeting.

WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise :
 : "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
 Amid this little company ;
 'To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."
 : We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Hymn 24. C. M.

Christ's love to the Young.

WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne
 And dwelt with men below ;
 It was his glorious work to bless,
 And happiness bestow.
 : The poor and wretched claimed his aid,
 Nor sought relief in vain ;
 While parents owned his gracious help,
 He bless'd their infant train.
 : And now though Jesus reigns above,
 He makes the poor his care ;

Their helpless children still he owns,
And they his goodness share.

4 Untaught, and prone to ways of sin,
They were a wretched race ;
But now kind pity's voice they hear,
Which calls to wisdom's ways.

5 Now are they taught to read that word
Which makes the foolish wise ;
Oh may they know a Saviour's name,
And learn his worth to prize.

Hymn 25. S. M.

Importance of Religious Instruction.

1 **H**OW serious is the charge,
To train the infant mind ;
'Tis God alone must give a heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside ;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependant, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless ;
We gladly join our heart and hands
And look for large success.

Hymn 26. C. M.

Invitation.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye friends of men, arise,
Your pious toils renew;
The sun ascends the eastern skies,
The Master calls for you.
- 2 No more let talents buried lie,
No more let sloth prevail;
But all your active powers employ,
Ere yet the moments fail.
- 3 To cultivate the minds of youth,
With all your hearts engage;
And sow the early seeds of truth,
In this their tender age.
- 4 That holy tempers, fruits of grace,
May flourish here below,
And rising crops of righteousness,
In all the fields may grow.
- 5 The Master's care directs the plough,
And strengthens all your hands;
He pours on all his blessings now,
And gives his kind commands.
- 6 Under his gracious guidance here,
Let us the work pursue;
His coming soon our hearts will cheer,
And glory shall ensue.

Hymn 27. C. M.

The influence of Sunday Schools.

- 1 **H**OW should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,

Who crowns our labours with success
Among the rising race.

- 2 Numbers of those who buried lay
In grossest shades of night ;
Emerging thence, behold a day
Of glorious gospel light.
- 3 Once slaves of Satan, fond of sin,
Nor God they feared nor knew ;
But formed afresh by power divine,
Know, fear, and love him too.
- 4 Their joyful tongues employed to praise
His all redeeming love ;
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove.
- 5 Convinced of their lost wretched state,
Pardon and peace they found ;
Now Satan's works they flee with hate,
And tread on hallowed ground.
- 6 God's word is made their rule and guide
They own their guilt and shame ;
And glory in Christ crucified,
And magnify his name.
- 7 Not unto us, not unto us,
Be praise and glory given,
But unto him who bore the curse,
The Lord of earth and heaven.
- 8 To him we all this tribute owe,
Who fills a gracious throne ;
Since all the good that's done below,
Is done by him alone.

Hymn 28. L. M.

On opening School.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED in our school once more,
 Oh Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
 We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
 Be with us then through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
 For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
 And when we in thy house appear,
 Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
 May we above to glory soar ;
 And praise thee in more lofty strains,
 Where one eternal sabbath reigns.

Hymn 29. (8.7.4.)

A public Hymn for the Teachers.

- 1 **T**HOU, who didst with love and blessing
 Gather Zion's babes to thee,
 Still a Saviour's love expressing,
 These, the babes of Zion see ;
 Bless the labours,
 That would bring them up for thee.
- 2 Smile upon the weak endeavour,
 Vain, If thou thy smile deny ;
 Lo ! they rise,—to live for ever !
 Train, oh ! train them for the sky !
 Ne'er may Satan
 Plunder Zion's nursery.
- Let no self applauding feeling,
 Nought of praise from mortals won,

O'er the heart infectious stealing,
 Poison what our hands have done;
 Raise the motives,
 Sink the pride of every one.

- 4 Love to thee, and pure affection
 For the lambs that need a fold,
 These should give our zeal direction,
 And prevent its growing cold;
 Or support us,
 E'en if blessing thou withhold.
- 5 Yet with humble fervour bending,
 We that blessing would entreat;
 On the infant heart descending,
 Make the toils of learning sweet;
 Straight to Zion,
 Turn the young inquirer's feet.
- 6 Then, when long we both have slumber'd,
 Side by side in common dust,
 With thy ransom'd people number'd,
 With th' assembly of the just,
 Child and teacher,
 Saviour! own our humble trust.

Hymn 30. C. M.

The necessity of Divine Illumination.

- 1 **T**HE book of nature open lies,
 With much instruction stored,
 But till the Lord anoint our eyes,
 We cannot read a word.
- 2 Philosophers have por'd in vain,
 And guess'd from age to age;

For reason's eye could ne'er attain,
 To understand a page.

3 Tho' to each star they gave a name
 Its size and motions teach ;
 The truths which all the stars proclaim,
 Their wisdom cannot reach.

4 With skill to measure earth and sea,
 And weigh the subtile air,
 They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
 Tho' present every where.

5 The knowledge of the saints excels
 The wisdom of the schools ;
 To them this secret God reveals ;
 Tho' men account them fools.

6 To them the sun and stars on high,
 The flowers that paint the field,
 And all the artless birds that fly,
 Divine instruction yield.

7 The creatures on their senses press,
 As witnesses to prove,
 Their Father's power and faithfulness,
 His providence and love.

8 Thus may we study Nature's book,
 To make us wise indeed :
 And pity those who only look
 At what they cannot read.

Hymn 31. C. M.

God's Word more instructive than his Works
 [WATTS.]

1 **T**HE starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;

And these thy servants night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

- 2 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 3 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book :
Great God ! if once compared with thine
How mean their writings look !
- 4 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth :
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Hymn 32. C. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture compared
[WATTS.]

- 1 **G**REAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law ;
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw,
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er
And meditate by night.

Hymn 33. C. M.

The inspired Word gives knowledge and joy
[WATTS.]

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Hymn 34. L. M.

The Inspiration and Truth of Scripture.

[WATTS.]

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word,
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought,
The prophet's *pen* succeeds his *breath*,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look,
On the blest volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read *his* name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanished in the wind :
Here I can fix my hopes secure,
This is thy word and must endure.

Hymn 35. S. M.

A Prayer in the House of God.

- 1 'LORD ! fix my wand'ring thoughts
Thy sacred word to hear,

With deep attention, and with love,
With reverence and with fear.

- 2 Let me remember well
That God is present here,
And let my heart be all engaged
When I draw near in prayer.
- 3 And when thy praises shall
My tuneful lips employ,
Give me to taste that sweet delight,
Which saints in heaven enjoy.
- 4 So shall thy house to me
More pleasure truly yield
Than wicked children ever find,
That play about the field.

Hymn 36. L. M.

Properties and Use of Scripture.

[WATTS

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd, and glanced on every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, and feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew;
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Hymn 37. C. M.

Sacred to Truth.

- 1 **H**AIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays,
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Till thou appear, the wounded soul,
In agonizing pain,
The way of peace incessant seeks,
But finds her efforts vain.
- 3 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid,
Restrains our wand'ring feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 4 Oh send thy light and truth abroad,
Thro' all our favoured land;
And bid thy num'rous heralds fly
At thy supreme command.

- 5 The banner of thy cross display.
 Dear signal of thy love !
 Till every tongue confess thy sway,
 And every heart approve.

Hymn 38. L. M.

Divine love displayed in the Gospel.

[HEGINBOTHAM.]

- 1 **N**OW let my soul, eternal King !
 To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
 My knee with humble homage bow ;
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below and worlds above ;
 But in thy blessed word I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read !
 There I behold my Saviour bleed :
 His name salutes my list'ning ear,
 Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
 And gives my lab'ring conscience peace ;
 Raises my grateful passions high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, oh let my song
 Thro' endless years thy praise prolong,
 And distant climes thy name adore
 Till time and nature are no more.

Hymn 39. C. M.

The Consolations of Scripture.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice
 My lasting heritage :

There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glories rise.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest!
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Hymn 40. L. M.

The holy Scriptures profitable for Doctrine, &c

[WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told,
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent Christ his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Now we may read the written word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heaven,
Is by this sure conveyance given.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

- 4 Oh render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love!
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation praise the Lord.

Hymn 41 S. M.

Praise to God for learning to read.

[WATTS

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young,
To read his holy word.
- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read and learn,
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down,
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

7 Oh may that Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive
 Those truths which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe.

8 Then shall I praise the Lord
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learned in vain.

Hymn 42. C. M.

Instruction from Scripture. [WATTS.]

1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

Hymn 43. S. M.

The excellency of the Gospel. [WATTS.]

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from the tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

5 My gracious God ' how plain
Are thy directions given ;
Oh may I never read in vain,
But learn my way to heaven !

Hymn 44. P. M.

Prayer for Illumination. [WESLEY

1 **O**H that I, like Timothy,
Might the holy Scriptures know,
From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow ;
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize.

2 Jesus, all redeeming Lord,
Full of truth and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word,
Teach me in my youthful days,
Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in thee

- 3 Open now my eyes of faith ;
 Open now the book of God ;
 Show me where the secret path
 Leading to thy blest abode :
 Wisdom from above impart,
 Speak the meaning to my heart.

Hymn 45. P. M.

Divine things are spiritually discerned.

[WESLEY

- 1 **T**EACHER of babes, to thee
 I for instruction flee ;
 In my natural estate,
 Thee, my God, I cannot know,
 Let thy grace illuminate,
 Thee let thy own Spirit show.
- 2 Ah, give me other eyes
 Than flesh and blood supplies,
 Spiritual discernment give ;
 Now command the light to shine,
 Then I shall the truth receive,
 Know by faith the things divine.
- 3 For this I ever pray,
 The darkness chase away,
 From a foolish feeble mind,
 Humbly offer'd up to thee ;
 Help me, Lord ; my soul is blind,
 Give me light and eyes to see.
- 4 Thou seest my heart's desire,
 Whate'er thy laws require
 Freely, faithfully to do :
 But know not how to obey ;

Till thy Spirit lend a clue,
Pointing out the living way.

- 6 Now, Father, send him down,
To make thy Godhead known,
Let him thee in Christ reveal,
Now diffuse thy love abroad,
Show me things unsearchable,
All the heights and depths of God.

Hymn 46. P. M.

God manifested by his Son and Spirit.

[WESLEY.]

- 1 **O**H thou, whom none hath seen or known,
But he that in thy bosom lies
Thine heavenly best beloved Son,
Creator both of earth and skies :
He only knows and can explain,
Thy Godhead to the sons of men.
- 2 Not all the things we read or hear,
Can thee unto our souls reveal,
Not all the art of man declare ;
Thy Spirit must the secret tell,
Into our deepest darkness shine,
And manifest the things divine.
- 3 Father of everlasting grace,
The Spirit of thy Son impart,
To us who humbly seek thy face,
Who pray for light with all our heart ;
And long to know thy blessed will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil.

Hymn 47. C. M.

The Light and Glory of the World discerned
[COWPER.]

- 1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to every age,
It gives and borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The path of truth and love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

Hymn 48. C. M.

The same subject. [MRS. STEELE]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines .
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines !
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joy,
Attend the blissful sound

- 3 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 4 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast :
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 5 Here springs of consolation rise,
'To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies
And sweet refreshment find.
- 6 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My study day and night ;
And still new beauties may I see,
With still increasing light !
- 7 Divine Instructor ! gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Hymn 49. C. M.

The perfect Law of Liberty.

[DODDRIDGE

- 1 **B**EHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives,
Oh may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !
- 2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot ;
But deep inscribed on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

- 3 Great Author of each perfect gift,
 Thy gracious power display,
 That our ungrateful wandering hearts
 May hearken and obey.

Hymn 50. C. M.

The command of God to instruct the rising generation, "Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children."

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old:
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bid us make his glories known,
 His works of power and grace;
 And we'll convey his wonders down,
 Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs;
 That generations yet unborn,
 May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone,
 Their hope securely stand;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

Hymn 51. C. M.

Praying for and Exhorting them to turn to God.
 [BRACKENBURY.]

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace,

And let the word of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, oh hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love ;
Your youth is stained with many crimes
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh ! join the public prayer ;
For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh ! shed yourselves a tear.
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach

Hymn 52. C. M.

*Encouragement to Young Persons to seek the
Lord.* [BRACKENBURY

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 The Lord of all the worlds on high
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
 Is sure my love to gain,
 And those that early seek my grace
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
 If once compared with Thee;
 What beauty should command my love
 Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive joys,
 Vain tempters of the mind:
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find.

Hymn 53. C. M.

Christ's regard to Children, Mark x, 14.

[DODDRIDGE.]

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms;
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 Nor scorns their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be!

- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,
 Ye children, seek his face ;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

Hymn 54. L. M.

Address to Children.

- 1 **C**HILDREN in years and knowledge
 young,
 Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
 Attend the counsels of my tongue ;
 Let thoughts divine your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
 And peace to crown your mortal state,
 Restrain your feet from impious ways,
 Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 To humble souls and broken hearts,
 The God of mercy's ever nigh :
 Pardon and hope his love imparts
 When men in deep contrition lie

Hymn 55. P. M.

Christ's Invitation.

[BRACKENBURY.]

- 1 **C**OME, children, 'tis Jesus commands,
 The voice of your Saviour obey ;
 When Jesus inviting you stands,
 No mortal should turn you away :
 The children he folds in his arms,
 Must surely be blessed indeed ;
 Preserved by his grace from all harms,
 Enriched with the blessings they need.

- 2 Let parents with thankfulness own
 Th' encouragement Jesus has given,
 Delighted to hear him make known,
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 And when their young offspring they see
 Thus early to Jesus brought nigh,
 Their guardians and guides let them be,
 Till fitted to meet them on high.
- 3 Rejoice too, ye lambs of the flock,
 In Jesus your Shepherd and friend :
 But seek and still earnestly knock,
 Till grace in full glory shall end :
 A moment and Jesus shall come
 With thousands of saints in his train,
 And take all his followers home,
 For ever and ever to reign.

Hymn 56. P. M.

Advice to seek the Lord.

[BRACKENBURY.]

- 1 **T**HOUGH children in stature and years,
 Religion is needful for you;
 Since children, it surely appears,
 Must answer for all that they do :
 'Tis needful for you that are young,
 To cleave to your heavenly Friend,
 To praise him with heart and with tongue,
 And still on his service attend.
- 2 Go, give him with Mary your heart,
 And learn without farther delay ;
 He'll teach you to choose the good part,
 Which ne'er shall be taken away ;

His hand shall supply all your wants,
 Be they ever so many or great ;
 His love shall redress your complaints,
 And render your portion complete.

Hymn 57. S. M.

The same subject.

[BRACKENBURY.

- 1 **M**Y son, know thou the Lord,
 Thy Father God obey :
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guiding hand by day.
- 2 Call, while he may be found
 And seek him, while he's near,
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear wil' hear thy cry,
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace for ever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God
 Nor choose the path to heaven ;
 Then sha't thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

Hymn 58. C. M.

Seek first the kingdom of God.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardour fire your breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies.
 In heavenly glories drest.

- 2 Behold ! Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown displays,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While nature's frame decays.
- 3 Away each grov'ling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's aim :
 Now spring to seize immortal joys
 In the blest Saviour's name.
- 4 Ye hearts, that beat with strong desire,
 The glorious prize pursue ;
 Nor fear the want of earthly good,
 While heaven is kept in view.

Hymn 59. C. M.

*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy
 Youth, Eccles. xii, 1.*

- 1 **I**N the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb :
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
 For him thy hours employ :
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea ;
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of bless'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth ;
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

Hymn 60. L. M.

Early Piety.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
 How kind the promises he makes!
 A bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 When piety in early minds,
 Like tender buds begin to shoot,
 He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
 And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 3 With humble souls he bears a part
 In all the sorrows they endure;
 Tender and gracious is his heart,
 His promise is for ever sure.
- 4 He sees the struggles that prevail
 Between the powers of grace and sin,
 He kindly listens, while they tell
 The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 5 Though pressed with fears on every side,
 They know not how the strife may end
 Yet he will soon the cause decide,
 And judgment into vict'ry send.

Hymn 61. P. M.

The same subject.

[WESLEY

- 1 **H**APPY beyond description, he
 Who in the paths of piety
 Loves from his birth to run!
 Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all its paths are joy and peace,
 And heaven on earth begun.

- 2 If this felicity were mine,
 I every other would resign,
 With just and holy scorn :
 Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
 And with the promised land in view
 Singing to God return.

Hymn 62. C. M.

The great advantages of Early Piety.

[WATTS

- 1 **H**APPY the child whose tender years
 Receives instructions well :
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth devoted to the Lord,
 Is pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners that grow old in sin,
 Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young ;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ my youngest breath ;

Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

Hymn 63. P. M.

Another.

[WESLEY.

- 1 **H**OW happy, Lord, thy children are,
From worldly grief, and worldly care,
Those fatal snares removed !
Thou dost for all their needs provide,
And under thy pavilion hide,
And nourish thy beloved.
- 2 Thou callest us to seek thy face,
To learn the lessons of thy grace,
And feel the atoning blood :
Thou talk'st to every heart sincere,
That all thy pardoning voice may hear,
And taste of angels' food.
- 3 Come, then, the life, the truth, the way ;
Now in the morning of our day
These clouds of sin remove ·
Make us unto salvation wise,
And help us to secure the prize
Of thy eternal love.

Hymn 64. P. M.

The Pleasure of Religion.

[MRS. MASTERS

- 1 **'T**IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live :
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

- 2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity ;
 Let me then make God my friend,
 And on all his ways attend.

Hymn 65. P. M.

The Folly and Danger of Delay.

- 1 **T**HE season of youth is soon past,
 It fades as a flower of the field ;
 Now then is the time to make haste
 Your hearts up to Jesus to yield.
 Redeem'd by the price of his blood,
 His service by grace is design'd,
 As soon as you choose it for good,
 The joy and delight of the mind.
- 2 What fears and what sighs will it cost,
 To follow the world and its charms ;
 When all its gay pleasures are lost,
 And nothing is reaped but harms !
 With promises fair it beguiles,
 Which daggers unmerciful sheathe
 To stab us that moment its smiles
 Have lured to the chambers of death.
- 3 The world is offended :—ne'er mind ;
 Its impotent rage disregard,
 In Christ full amends you will find,
 Your great and eternal reward :
 His kindness such gifts doth impart,
 His love to our soul is so pure,
 A sacrifice less than the heart
 His jealousy will not endure.

- 4 Expect not the time of old age
 The cause of religion t' espouse ;
 When summon'd from earth's latest stage
 No motives to virtue can rouse ;
 Prevent then that sorrowful eve
 Where courage and strength are no more ;
 Nor hope your sad loss to retrieve
 When cast on life's farthermost shore.
- 5 Ah ! promise yourselves not in vain
 To see many years yet to come ;
 The judge may this moment arraign,
 And call to your permanent home ;
 If warning and friendly alarms
 Have time after time been forgot,
 No marvel if safe to the arms
 Of mercy you never be brought.
- 6 To habits of sin once inured,
 Ah ! who shall its dangers avoid !
 By fatal temptation allured,
 The sinner at length is destroyed :
 'Tis folly then sure in extreme
 To court its embraces so dear ;
 To spend your few days in a dream,
 And wake to eternal despair.
- 7 Present, then, dear children, betimes,
 Life's first fruits to Jesus your Lord,
 E'er age, deep infected with crimes,
 No place for repentance afford :
 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Invites you his service to prove :
 Now, now, e'er youth's spring time is past,
 Submit, and be blest with his love.

Hymn 66. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

- 1 **L**O! the young tribes of Adam rise
And through all nature rove;
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires:
But let the sinners know,
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The judge prepares the throne on high,
The frightened earth and seas,
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day
And stand the fiery test?
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever blest.

Hymn 67. C. M.

The same subject.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
The longer wisdom you despise,
Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,

- Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
 Stay not till to morrow's sun :
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

Hymn 68. L. M.

Reflecting on the Danger of Delay

[WATTS.]

- 1 **W**HY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
 To seek for heaven, or think of
 death ?"
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
 I may be hardened in my sin,
 And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
 While I refuse to read and pray,
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear
 To all my groans another day !
- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place !
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God !
 His power and vengeance none can tell,
 One stroke of his Almighty rod
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for pardon and for grace ;
 To wish I had my time again ;
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.

Hymn 69. C. M.

Reflecting on Examples of Early Piety

- 1 **W**HAT blessed examples do I find
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth !
- 2 Jesus who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
 (The Jews all wond'ring stand,)
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name ;
 They gave him honour with their tongues,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was weaned and brought
 To wait upon the Lord ;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.
- 6 Then why should I so long delay,
 What others learnt so soon ;
 I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

Hymn 70. P. M.

The same subject.

WESLEY

- 1 **H**APPY Samuel! to God
 In his infancy restored,
 In his Maker's house he stood
 Minist'ring before the Lord:
 There he lived to God alone,
 Pure from sin's infecting stain;
 Grew in years and wisdom on,
 Favour'd both by God and man.
- 2 Happy child! who gained a place
 To his heavenly Lord so near;
 Happier still who found the grace
 God's majestic voice to hear!
 Myst'ries hidden from the wise,
 From the prudent men conceal'd
 God; the God of earth and skies,
 To a simple babe reveal'd.
- 3 Lord of earth and skies, again
 To a child thyself make known,
 Chosen from the sons of men,
 Am I not thy sacred loan?
 Yes, I to thy temple come
 By my parents' piety,
 Dedicated from the womb,
 Freely given up to thee.
- 4 Thine, oh Lord, I surely am,
 But to me unknown thou art;
 Come, and call me by my name,
 Whisper to my list'ning heart;
 Stir me up to seek thy face,
 Claim me in my tender years.

Manifest the word of grace,
 Speak, for now thy servant hears.

- 5 Fain I would, I would believe,
 Hear by faith thy pard'ning voice ;
 Of thy love, the knowledge give,
 Bid me, Lord, in thee rejoice ;
 Now thy gracious self reveal,
 Speak in power and peace divine .
 Pardon on my conscience seal,
 Seal thy child for ever thine.

Hymn 71. P. M.

The primitive Christians. [WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HE Christians of old united in one,
 As sheep in a fold, were never alone ;
 As birds of a feather they flock'd to their nest,
 And shelter'd together in Jesus's breast.
- 2 However employ'd, their joy was the same,
 They never were cloyed with hymning the
 Lamb :
 Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,
 And publish salvation by Jesus's grace.
- 3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more
 Not many could read, but all could adore ;
 No help from the college or school they re-
 ceived, [believed.
 Content with his knowledge in whom they
- 4 No riches had they, but riches of grace ;
 No fondness for play, or passion for praise ;
 No moments of pleasure for trifling employs,
 Possess of the treasure in God to rejoice.

- 5 Men in their own eyes were children again,
 And children were wise and solid as men,
 The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
 Their hearts were all cheerful, their con-
 sciences clean.
- 6 Wrapt up in their Lord, his service and love,
 They lived and adored, like angels above :
 To keep in his favour their lives they laid
 down,
 And now with their Saviour inherit the crown

Part Second.

Hymn 72. P. M.

- 1 **O**H where are the men with virtue
 endow'd,
 To live as did then the servants of God?
 The ancient example, who shows us again,
 Courageous to trample on pleasure and pain?
- 2 Oh Jesus, on us the blessing bestow,
 Us little ones choose thy glory to show;
 In this generation thy witnesses raise;
 The heirs of salvation, the vessels of grace.
- 3 Accept our desire, and give us thy love,
 Thy children inspire, with faith from above;
 Purge out the old leaven and early convert,
 And open a heaven of grace in our heart.
- 4 Begotten again and principled right,
 Good works to maintain, and walk in thy
 sight,
 We then shall recover that vigour of grace,
 And gladly live over those primitive days.

5 Our moments below shall pleasantly glide,
While nothing we know but Christ crucified,
Our whole conversation in songs shall approve

Thy wonderful passion, thy ransoming love.

6 And if we must win the crown, like our God,
And strive against sin, resisting to blood,
We more than victorious o'er death shall arise,
All happy and glorious with Christ in the skies.

Hymn 73. L. M.

Prayer for Sincerity. [WESLEY.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God, to thee I cry,
Assist a child's infirmity:
Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
While my heart wanders far from thee.

2 Ah! never let me speak a word
But what with all my soul I mean;
Or lie to thee, thou glorious Lord,
By whom my ev'ry thought is seen.

3 With what submissive lowliness,
Shall I approach thy glorious throne?
How can I hope by words to please,
To praise a God I have not known?

4 I know not what to do or say
Till I thy blessed Spirit receive,
And Jesus teaches me to pray,
And Jesus teaches me to live.

Hymn 74. S. M.

Prayer for Knowledge and Grace

1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue
My God to thee I pray;

Oh make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days
Teach me thy will to know ;
Oh God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart to folly prone,
Renew'd by power divine,
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

5 Oh let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ :
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined,
Oh let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ,
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

Hymn 75. C. M.

Complaint and Prayer. [WESLEY.

1 **H**OW lost our state by nature is,
While enemies to God !

We wander from the ways of peace,
And throug the downward road.

- 2 As a wild ass's colt is man,
Untaught and unconfined,
Till discipline his will restrain,
And faith inform his mind.
- 3 But oh ! with what reluctant strife
Do men themselves forego !
How late begin the work of life,
How late their Saviour know !
- 4 Call'd in the morning of their day,
How few like us are blest !
Us, if we now the call obey,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
- 5 This, Lord, is our sincere desire
To find our rest in thee ;
To do whate'er thy laws require,
In true simplicity.
- 6 The inward change, the second birth.
By faith divine to prove,
And practise all thy will on earth
As angels do above.

Hymn 76. L. M.

Prayer for Grace.

[WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HE Lord he knows the thoughts of men,
That they are foolish all and vain,
Till chasten'd by affliction's rod,
The sinners mourn, and turn to God.
- 2 Oh might his grace victorious prove,
And draw us with the cords of love,

- To seek him in the dawn of day,
And gladly from our hearts obey
- 3 Father the kind instruction give,
And let us now begin to live,
To live the life of piety,
To live like creatures born for thee.
- 4 Taught by the Spirit of thy grace,
Oh may we rightly count our days,
To wisdom's rules our hearts apply,
And, warm in life, prepare to die.
- 5 And when our spirits we resign
Into those gracious hands of thine,
Thy new born children, Lord, receive.
With thee eternally to live.

Hymn 77. P. M.

Another. [WESLEY.

- 1 **T**EACHER, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to Thee,
Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners,
'Thee, who died'st to ransom me:
Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as thou art.
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thy own heart.
- 2 Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshaken clay;
Call me in the morning hour,
Teach my simpleness the way
With a tender awe inspire,
'That I never more may rove:
The faint spark of good desire
into a flame of love.

- 3 Oh my everlasting lover,
 Thee, that I may love again,
 To mine inmost soul discover
 All thy dying love to man:
 By thy Spirit's inspiration
 Make thy depths of mercy known;
 Seal the heir of true salvation,
 Then translate me to thy throne.

Hymn 78. P. M.

Our Promises vain without Grace.

[WESLEY.]

- 1 **T**O God the Creator of all,
 My earliest tribute I pay,
 On him with humility call,
 And promise his laws to obey.
 I promise, alas! but in vain,
 Unless he his Spirit bestow,
 From folly and sin to restrain,
 And keep me wherever I go.
- 2 Oh Father of mercies, attend,
 (Though now I in ignorance cry,)
 And teach me on him to depend,
 My advocate there in the sky;
 Whatever I ask in the name
 Of Jesus, I hear shall be done,
 As due to that innocent Lamb,
 As claim'd by thine heavenly Son.
- 3 To me thy compassion extend
 For the sake of thy heavenly Son,
 From Satan and sin to defend,
 And a world full of evil unknown

An invisible enemy's power
 Ever near to destroy me I have,
 A lion intent to devour ;
 Let mercy be nearer to save.

- 1 That mercy I languish to feel,
 If mercy infuse the desire,
 My need of a Saviour reveal,
 My soul with the hunger inspire ;
 Oh Father, an infant allure,
 In a way that I never have known,
 And me by thy Spirit assure,
 That mercy and Jesus are one.

Hymn 79. L. M.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 **I** ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power
 Nor the vain pleasures of an hour .
 My soul aspires to nobler things,
 'Than all the pride and state of kings.
- 2 I seek for blessings more divine,
 Than corn, or oil, or richest wine ;
 If these are sent, I'll praise my God,
 Withheld, still sound his praise abroad.
- 3 One thing I ask ; and wilt thou hear,
 And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
 Wisdom descending from above ;
 The choicest token of thy love ;
- 4 Wisdom betimes to know the Lord ;
 To fear his name and keep his word ;
 To lead my feet in paths of truth,
 And guide and guard my wand'ring youth.

- 5 Then should'st thou grant a length of days
 My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
 Or early death my soul convey
 To realms of everlasting day.

Hymn 80. C. M.

Good News of Salvation by Christ.

[BRACKENBURY

- 1 **T**IDINGS of grace now reach our ears,
 Let young ones all rejoice;
 The words are fraught with sweetest love,
 'Tis Jesus' melting voice.
- 2 "Come unto me incline your ear,
 Hear, and your soul shall live;
 A cov'nant I will make with you,
 And all your sins forgive.
- 3 "My streaming blood shall purge away
 The guilt of every sin;
 My Spirit's warm enliv'ning beams
 Shall life beget within.
- 4 "I'll be your righteousness and strength,
 I'll lead you in the way,
 Till you arrive to dwell with me
 In everlasting day."
- 5 We gladly hear our Saviour's voice,
 Which bids us sinners live;
 Oh give us penitence and faith,
 To us thy Spirit give.
- 6 That creatures more than thee we loved,
 We heartily bemoan,
 But now at length we choose thy ways,
 And live to thee alone.

Hymn 81. S. M.

Prayer for self knowledge and grace.

[WESLEY.]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, show
 What we by nature were,
 Children of wrath, and doom'd below
 Eternal pains to bear ;
 When Jesus Christ thy Son
 For helpless sinners died,
 That all who trust in him alone,
 May know thee pacified.
- 2 In him, if we believe,
 Thy mercies we partake,
 Who all good things art pleased to give
 To man for Jesus' sake .
 We durst not ask thine aid,
 Or hope t' obtain thy love,
 But that his blood for us was shed,
 And speaks for us above.
- 3 Wherefore to thee we cry,
 Through thy beloved Son,
 And fix on him our steadfast eye,
 Who stands before thy throne ;
 The good desires we feel,
 From him we own they came,
 And them, according to thy will,
 Present in Jesus' name.
- 4 Our prayers to his unite,
 And as thy Son's receive,
 And give, who ask in Jesus' right,
 To us,—thy blessing give :

Whate'er we thus desire,
 The suit of Jesus is :
 Hear then, and raise thy glory higher,
 By our eternal bliss.

Hymn 82. C. M.

Salvation by grace. [WATTS.]

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults ;
 How great our guilt has been ;
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, oh my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name ;
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace,
 Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
 That all our hopes begin ;
 'Tis by the water and the blood,
 Our souls are washed from sin.
- 6 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe,
 On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew,
 And justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face

Hymn 83. P. M.

Christ's gracious Advent.

[POPE]

1 **T**HE Saviour comes! by prophets long
foretold:

Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick film shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye ball pour the day

2 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall
clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch
forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

3 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear,
In ruthless chains shall conquer'd death be
bound
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound

4 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
shall fail,
Unerring justice lift aloft her scale:
God's peace returns, his saving power re-
mains, [reigns.
His realm for ever lasts, his own Messiah

Hymn 84. C. M.

The same subject.

1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour
comes!

The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire :
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasure of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Hymn 85. L. M.

The suffering, dying Saviour.

- 1 **S**TRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour
dies !
Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound,

The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace .
Yet pass rebellious angels by .
Oh why for man ? blest Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou, Lord, for sinners bleed .
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day !
- 5 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, gracious Lord, thy grace impart.
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

Hymn 86. L. M

The Lamb of God

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love .
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above !
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid,
He meekly bore the pond'rous load ;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood :
- 3 To save a guilty world he died !
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb ;

To him lift up your weeping eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound,
He can the richest blessing give?
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

Hymn 87. C. M.

Jesus, a sacrifice.

[STENNET

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide obscures the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amazed centurion cry,
“*This* is the Son of God.”
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

Hymn 88. L. M.

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Hymn 89. L. M.

The dying love of Christ.

- 1 **A**MAZING love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, whose just deserts was wo!
Amazing love! Did Jesus die?
- 2 He died! to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone:
Oh! let his praise each hour employ:
Till hours no more their circle run!
- 3 He died! Ye seraphs, tune your songs,
Resound, resound the Saviour's name:

For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

Hymn 90. P. M.

Redemption finished.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
" It is finish'd !"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd ! Oh what pleasure,
Do those cheering words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord !
" It is finish'd !"
Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !
Finish'd all that was predicted :
Death and hell no more shall awe :
" It is finish'd !"
Saints from hence your comforts draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name,
Hallelujah !
Endless glory to the Lamb !

Hymn 91. C. M.

The Sepulchre.

[DODDRIDGE.]

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord
 Chase all your fears away,
 And bow, with pleasure, down to see,
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
 (Such wonders love can do!)
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throb'd and bled for you!
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
 Let grateful sorrow rise,
 And wash the bloody stains away,
 With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
 'The Saviour lives again!
 Not all the bolts and bars of death,
 The conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonoured head;
 And through eternal ages reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like this, let every saint
 His empty tomb survey;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord,
 To realms of endless day.

Hymn 92. L. M.

The exalted Saviour.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above,

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love

2. While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
Oh may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 *Jesus!* who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched sinner's place;
Oh what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?
- 4 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all their boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.
- 5 Yet though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

Hymn 93. C. M.

Christ our Advocate and Forerunner.

[BRACKENBURY.]

- 1 **M**Y glorious Lord to heaven is gone
To plead my cause with God,
He sprinkles Justice' fiery throne
With his peace speaking blood.
- 2 Unto that palace will I look
Where Christ is gone before;
Follow the footsteps of the flock
Through mercy's open door.

- 3 He leads them, when beyond the skies,
To life's eternal spring ;
He wipes all sorrows from their eyes,
And tunes their heart to sing.
- 4 No hurtful fruit, no tempting Eve,
Is in that land of bliss ;
No cunning serpent to deceive
Lurks in that paradise.
- 5 On Christ my Shepherd I'll depend ,
From him I will not stray :
But still expect a blessed end,
If he but lead my way.
- 6 Let faith and love still in me grow,
Till my redemption come ;
I am a stranger here below,
But Christ will bring me home.
- 7 Thou art my life, my strength, my hope.
On whom I will rely ;
I cannot sink with such a prop ;
Lord, save me when I cry.
- 8 Now, gracious Lord, reach down thy hand,
And take me up to thee ;
Before thy throne, oh may I stand,
And all thy glory see.
- 9 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let heaven and earth combine.

Hymn 94. P. M.

Praise to Christ.

[WESLEY.]

- 1 **L**ET children proclaim their Saviour and
 King,
 To Jesus's name hosannas we sing :
 Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
 Who purchased salvation for all to receive.
- 2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came
 down,
 And ransom'd with blood, and made us his
 own ;
 He suffer'd to save us from sin and from
 thrall,
 And Jesus shall have us, who purchased us all.
- 3 To him we will give our earliest days,
 And thankfully live to publish his praise ;
 Our lives shall confess Him who came from
 above,
 Our tongues they shall bless him, and tell of
 his love.
- 4 In innocent songs, his coming we shout,
 Should we hold our tongues, the stones would
 cry out,
 But Him without ceasing we all will proclaim,
 And ever be blessing our Jesus's name.

Hymn 95. P. M.

Another.

[WESLEY.]

- 1 **C**OME, my companions dear,
 With mine your voices raise ;
 Let us with hearts sincere
 Attempt our Saviour's praise ;

And while our souls to heaven ascena,
Begin the song that ne'er shall ond.

- 2 Of whom should children sing,
But of that holy child,
Who to their heavenly King
Hath rebels reconciled?
Peace upon earth he doth bestow;
Rejoice in God reveal'd below.
- 3 Who earth and heaven commands
In years and wisdom grew,
Till seized by wicked hands
They wounded him and slew;
But in his blood our peace is seal'd,
And by his wounds our souls are heal'd
- 4 Then let us bless his name,
And thank him for his grace;
Worthy is Christ the Lamb
Of universal praise.
Praise be on him by all bestow'd
Who lives the one eternal God.

Hymn 96. C. M.

Another.

- 1 **C**OME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of man?

- 3 Though feeble are our best essays,
 Thy love will not despise
 Our grateful songs of humble praise,
 Our well meant sacrifice.
- 4 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
 And spread abroad thy fame;
 Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy sacred name!
- 5 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
 Be to our Jesus given!
 By men below, by hosts above,
 By all in earth and heaven.

Hymn 97. P. M.

Immanuel's Praise.

[ROBINSON.]

- 1 **M**IGHTY Lord, while angels bless thee
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme;
 Hallelujah, &c, &c. Amen!
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and lawful praise!
 Hallelujah.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 (Grand beyond a seraph's thought,)
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought,
 Hallelujah!
- 4 For thy providence that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain,

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow
 Blessed be thy gentle reign !
 Hallelujah !

5 But thy rich and free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along !
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,
 Who dares sing that awful song ?
 Hallelujah !

6 Brightness of the Father's glory !
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?
 Flee my tongue such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die !
 Hallelujah !

7 Did archangels sing thy coming !
 Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse thy praise.
 Hallelujah !

8 From the highest throne of glory,
 For the cross of deepest wo !
 For such love to guilty captives,
 May thy praise for ever flow !
 Hallelujah !

9 Rise, ascend, immortal Saviour,
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
 Thence return, and reign for ever ;
 Be the kingdom all thy own !
 Hallelujah !

Hymn 98. L. M.

*Praise to God for Birth and Education in a
Christian Land.* [WATTS.]

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong!
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance or darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains
- 5 Thy glorious promises, oh Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

Hymn 99. L. M.

Praise for the Gospel. [WATTS.]

- 1 **L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,

- That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
heaven?
- 3 How glad the heathen would have been
That worshipped idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!
- 4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

Hymn 100. S. M.

Praise for our Christian calling.

[WESLEY

- 1 **O**H for a thankful heart
Our Father's love to own,
To taste how merciful thou art
In all that thou hast done!
How bountiful and kind
To us above the rest,
If blest with a contented mind,
We know that we are blest!
- 2 Thy providence hath cared
For our simplicity;
For us the way and means prepared
Of rightly knowing thee;

To glorify thy name,
 Us thou hast early-led ;
 To serve and love the bleeding Lamb,
 Who suffer'd in our stead.

3 Ah ! let us not receive
 Thy choicest grace in vain ;
 Nor ever more thy Spirit grieve,
 Nor put our Lord to pain :
 Lightness and discontent,
 With every sin depart ;
 And let us each to thee present
 A willing, honest heart.

4 Lord, we present it now
 For thee to form anew ;
 Our Maker and Redeemer thou,
 Thine utmost pleasure show :
 In us with power fulfil
 The work of faith divine,
 And take us to thy heavenly hill,
 To live for ever thine.

Hymn 101. P. M.

Another.

[WESLEY.]

- 1 **O**H thou, whose providential grace
 Hath been in our behalf made known ;
 From folly's paths, by secret ways,
 Whose eye hath drawn us into one,
 The things most excellent t' approve,
 And learn the power of dying love.
- 2 We lift our thankful hearts to thee,
 And gladly close with thy design ;
 With early zeal from evil flee,
 In following after Jesus join,

And long to feel his sprinkled blood,
And long to cry, "My Lord, my God!"

- 3 Father, to us thy Spirit give,
Him in our youthful hearts reveal;
Him by whose precious death we live,
Redeem'd from sin, and earth, and hell
Through him our Eden we regain,
And then in heavenly glory reign.
- 4 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
His blood to every soul apply;
Assure us of our pardon'd sin;
Confirm and thoroughly sanctify:
Preserve us for that endless rest,
And take thy children to thy breast.

Hymn 102. P. M.

Another. For Girls. [WESLEY.

HOW highly favoured, Lord, are we,
Snatch'd from a world of vanity,
And call'd in Jesus' name
To cultivate our tender mind,
And peace and happiness to find
With the atoning Lamb!

- 2 Our souls to God devoted are,
And ask, and have our chiefest care
To fashion and improve
The only ornament we seek—
A spirit calm, and mild, and meek,
And rich in faith and love,
- 3 The one thing needful we pursue,
And when we gain the prize in view,
And when we faith receive,

Still we renew the glorious strife,
And trample down the pride of life ;
To God alone we live.

- 4 Clothed with humility and grace,
Regardless of the fallen race,
In angels' eyes we shine :
A robe of righteousness we wear,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And bought with blood divine.
- 5 By God approved, by man unknown,
The conquest of ourselves alone
We zealously desire :
The praise descending from above,
And none but our Redeemer's love
Our panting hearts require.
- 6 We for no worldly pleasures plead,
No innocent diversions need,
As Satan calls his joys :
His rattles let the tempter keep,
Or his own children rock to sleep,
With such amusing toys.
- 7 The Lord himself our portion is,
Unfading joy and solid bliss
We find with Jesus given :
We find, reclining on his breast,
Our present and eternal rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

Hymn 103. C. M.

Praise for Blessings of Life and Godliness
[RHODES.]

- 1 COME, let us join our God to praise,
Whose mercy knows no end ;

To him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father, and our Friend.

- 2 In tender infancy his care
Preserved our lives from harm :
And now he keeps us from the snare
Of sin's deceitful charm.
- 3 He gently draws our minds to hear
The kind instructions given ;
And by his reverential fear
We seek the way to heaven.
- 4 He gives us friends who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise ;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.
- 5 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God ;
And tell of *all* his wondrous fame,
Who bought us with his blood.

Hymn 104. C. M.

For Mercies temporal and spiritual.

[WATTS.]

- 1 **W**HENEER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more ,
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

- 3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold !
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold !
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

Hymn 105. L. M.

Gratitude with Contentment.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of blessing ! ever bless'd,
Enriching all, of all possess'd,
By whom the whole creation's fed,
Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my very life I owe ;
From thee do all my comforts flow ;
And every blessing that I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire :
Content with little would I be ;
That little, Lord, must come from thee.

- 4 While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more ;
With Agur's wish content I live,
Nor grudge them all the world can give.

Hymn 106. C. M.

Spiritual Blessings preferred to temporal.

- 1 **W**HAT are all earthly blessings, Lord.
Which our frail bodies prove,
Unless thou to our souls afford
The happiness of love ?
- 2 Our souls, (we ardently desire,)
Our souls vouchsafe to bless,
And into our young hearts inspire
The knowledge of thy grace,
- 3 We ask the wisdom from on high,
For love on thee we call,
Who never canst thyself deny,
But giv'st thyself to all.
- 4 Then let us with thy gifts receive
The Giver from above,
And never sin, and never grieve
The God whom once we love.

Hymn 107. C. M.

Contrition and Humiliation.

- 1 **O**H thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sighs ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eyes :
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?

Hast thou not said " return ? "

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet ?

Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide ! my light !
Without one cheering ray ;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart ;
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Hymn 108. P. M.

Prayer for Pardon and Salvation.

[WESLEY

1 **A**LL power to save, oh Lord, is thine,
Receive this ruin'd soul of mine,
Upon thy mercy cast !
Do with me what and as thou wilt,
But thoroughly purge away my guilt,
And save my soul at last.

2 What I into thy hands commend,
Keep and continue to defend,
In humble faith, I pray :
Evil and danger turn aside,
And me and my companions hide,
Against that awful day.

3 Then Lord, by thine almighty power,
Our bodies and our souls restore,
Committed to thy care ;

Our hidden life with Christ reveal,
And lift us to thy heavenly hill,
To see thy glory there.

Hymn 109. P. M.

Trust in God. [RHODES

1 **L**ET nature to her centre shake,
And from her order turn aside ;
Let stars the firmament forsake ;
Yet still in God will I confide :
Firm as himself his word of grace ;
His truth is permanent and sure ;
His promises he'll ne'er erase,
Which all my blooming hopes secure.

5 Thy love and faithfulness I sing,
While in this desert land I roam,
Upheld by thee, I'll stretch my wing,
And try to reach my native home :
Oh when shall I salute the day
That lifts me up to thine abode !
From sin and grief be call'd away,
To dwell for ever with my God.

Hymn 110. P. M.

Prayer for the Divine Image.

[WESLEY.

1 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul design'd
To be the house of God ;
Come and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove ;

Make me just and good like thee,
And full of power and love.

- 2 Bid me in thine image rise
A saint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure and happy too:
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest.
Should within the arms divine
For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher;
Thee descending on a cloud
When with ravished eyes I see,
Then I shall be filled with God
To all eternity.

Hymn 111. L. M.

The perfections of God imitated.

[BROWN.]

- 1 **L**ORD, I would be a child of thine,
And thy blest image ever bear;
Deeply impress this heart of mine
With glories which I cannot share.
- 2 Let these my admiration raise,
And fill me with religious awe:
Tune both my tongue and heart to praise
And bend me to thy holy law.
- 3 But where can I resemble thee,
And in thy godlike nature share;

Thy humble follower let me be,
Thy blessed likeness let me bear.

- 4 Pure may I be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful and true ;
And let thine image, formed within,
Shine out in all I speak and do.

Hymn 112. P. M.

Living to Christ.

[WESLEY

- 1 **H**OLY child of heavenly birth,
God made man to dwell on earth ;
Virgin's Son, impart to me
Thy unsullied purity.
- 2 In my pilgrimage below
Only thee I pant to know ;
Every creature I resign,
Thine, both soul and body thine.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Over me thy sway maintain :
Perfect loveliness thou art,
Take my undivided heart.
- 4 All my heart to thee I give,
All thy holiness receive ;
Live to make my Saviour known,
Live to please my God alone.
- 5 Free from low distracting care,
For the happy day prepare,
For the joys that never die,
For my bridegroom in the sky.
- 6 Here betrothed to thee in love,
I shall see my Lord above :

Lean on my Redeemer's breast,
In thy arms for ever blest.

Hymn 113. L. M.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

[GRIEG.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star:
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me,

Hymn 114. C. M.

The Example of Christ.

[ENFIELD.]

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine :
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 The largest love of human kind
Inspired his godlike breast ;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was exprest.
- 3 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 4 Lowly in heart, by all his friends
A friend and servant found :
He wash'd their feet, he wiped their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 5 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood :
His foes ungrateful, sought his life,
He labour'd for their good.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 7 Be Christ my pattern and my guide !
His image may I bear !
Oh may I tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.

Hymn 115. C. M.

The Golden Rule.

[WATTS.]

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways and try;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injured his good name.
- 3 Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By sly, malicious ways?
- 4 In all we sell, in all we buy,
Is honesty our guide?
Does thirst of gain, from virtue's path,
Ne'er draw our feet aside?
- 5 Then may we raise our modest prayer
To God the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

Hymn 116. C. M.

The right Use of Prosperity.

- 1 **M**Y gracious God! accept my prayer
If e'er thy love divine
Should prosper my well meaning care,
And wealth should e'er be mine.
- 2 May humble worth, without a fear,
Approach my open door;

Nor may I ever view a tear,
 Regardless from the poor.

3 Oh bless me with an honest mind,
 Above all selfish ends ;
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.

4 With conscious truth and honour still,
 My actions may I guide ;
 Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
 Nor scorn, but that of pride.

5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
 To thee my tribute raise ;
 Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
 And wake each morn with praise.

Hymn 117. P. M.

Obedience to Parents and Superiors.

[WESLEY

1 **H**OLY child of heavenly birth,
 God made manifest on earth,
 Fain I would thy follower be,
 Live in every thing like thee.

2 Thou whom angels serve and fear,
 Subject to thy parents here,
 Didst to me the pattern give,
 How with mine I ought to live.

3 Teach me then betimes t' obey
 Those who under God bear sway ;
 Masters, ministers to love,
 All their just commands approve.

- 4 Let me to my betters bend,
Never wilfully offend,
By my meek submissiveness
Strive both God and them to please.
- 5 Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and cheerful to fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will.
- 6 Keep me thus to God resign'd,
Till his love delights to find,
Fairly copied out in me
All the mind that was in thee.

Hymn 118. C. M.

The same subject.

[WATTS.]

- 1 **L**ET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

Hymn 119. C. M.

Shunning all evil.

- 1 **H**OW shall a young unstable man,
To evil born like me,
His actions and his heart maintain
From all pollution free?
- 2 Thee, Lord, that I may not forsake,
Or ever turn aside,
Thy precepts for my rule I take,
Thy Spirit for my guide.
- 3 Govern'd by the ingrafted word,
And principled with grace,
I shall not yield to sin abhorr'd,
Or give to passion place.
- 4 From youthful lust I still would flee,
From all the paths of vice:
My omnipresent Saviour see,
And walk before thine eyes.
- 5 Saviour to me thy Spirit give,
That thro' his power I may
Thy words effectually believe,
And faithfully obey:
- 5 From every great transgression pure,
For all thy will prepared,
Thy servant to the end endure,
And gain the full reward.

Hymn 120. L. M.

Self Denial.

[WESLEY

- 1 **A**UTHOR and end of my desires,
From whom my every blessing flow'd,

- 1 I would whate'er thy will requires,
 Whate'er thy will requires is good.
- 2 I would, (but thou must give the power,)
 From every evil now depart;
 Nor ever grieve thy goodness more,
 Nor ever follow my own heart.
- 3 Spring of all good, thy will I own,
 The fountain of all evil mine;
 Father, let mine no more be done;
 Let all obey the will divine
- 4 We came into the world to do
 The will of him who placed us here;
 And who their own desires pursue
 Can never in thy sight appear.
- 5 What then shall of our souls become,
 Used our own pleasure to fulfil?
 Eternal death must be the doom
 Of all that follow their own will.
- 6 But, oh! to thee for help we cry,
 Save, or we sink into the pit;
 Ourselves assist us to deny,
 And to thy blessed will submit.
- 7 Father, for Jesus' sake alone,
 Thine all sufficient grace impart;
 Save us, in honour of thy Son,
 And heavenward turn our selfish heart.

Hymn 121. C. M

Revering God's all seeing Eye. [WATTS

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night,

And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 Oh may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

Hymn 122. P. M.

Instability.

[WESLEY.]

1 **W**HEN, dear Lord, ah tell us when,
Shall we be in knowledge men?
Men in strength and constancy,
Men of God confirmed in Thee.

2 Childish, now alas! we are,
Void of faith and watchful care;

After all our teachers' pains,
Little good in us remains.

3 Soon our best desires decay,
As a cloud they pass away ;
Light received, the serious thought,
Soon and easily forgot.

4 Oh how fickle is our mind !
More inconstant than the wind !
Suddenly our goodness fails,
Levity again prevails.

5 Strong and fervent for an hour,
Then we cast away the power ;
Lose insensibly our zeal,
Care for neither heaven nor hell.

6 Jesus, Lord, we cry to Thee,
Help our souls' infirmity ;
Great unchangeable I AM,
Make us ever more the same.

7 Plant in us thy constant mind ;
To thy cross our spirit bind :
That we may no longer rove,
Ground and 'stablish us in love,

8 Love that makes us creatures new
Only love can keep us true ;
Perfect love that casts out sin,
Perfect love is God within.

9 God within our hearts reside,
Then we shall in God abide ;
Always firm and faithful prove,
Fixt in everlasting love.

Hymn 123. C. M.

Against the Praise of Men. [WESLEY.

1 **W**HY should our parents call us good,
 And poison us with praise,
 When born in sin, by nature proud,
 And void we are of grace?

2 Who fancy righteousness in men,
 Themselves they have not known;
 Evil are all our thoughts and vain,
 And God is good alone.

3 Good of himself He only is,
 And if he make us good,
 Our goodness is not ours, but his,
 For Jesus' sake bestow'd.

4 Oh let us not ourselves forget,
 Though man presume to praise,
 And puff us up with the conceit
 Of our own righteousness.

5 Oh let us as from serpents fly
 From all who us commend;
 Or, fill'd with just abhorrence, cry,
 "Get thee behind me, fiend."

6 Glory to God, if we receive
 The smallest spark of grace;
 He only doth our goodness give,
 And his be all the praise.

Hymn 124. L. M.

Against Pride in Dress. [WATTS.

1 **W**HY should our garments, made to hide
 Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?

- The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin,
- 2 When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone.
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are ! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silk worm wore
That very clothing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I ;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.
- 5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace ;
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear :
• The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.
- 7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
- 8 In this on earth should I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

Hymn 125. L. M.

Against vain conversation, and folly in dress
[WATTS

- 1 **I**S it a thing of good report,
To cut the hours of duty short?
To squander life and time away?
While toys and follies waste the day?
- 2 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 3 What if we wear the richest vest;
Peacocks and flies are better drest:
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 4 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain minds with sacred fire;
Then, with an elevated eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 5 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To promised mansions in the skies.

Hymn 126. C. M.

Against Cruelty to any Creatures.

[RHODES

- 1 **C**REATION groans beneath its curse,
And all that live complain;
With hunger, thirst, disease oppress,
And sore afflicting pain.

- 2 The brute, the fowls, and insect small,
And all respiring breath,
To various miseries are prone,
And to the pangs of death.
- 3 Shall we who are so form'd to feel,—
By reason taught to know,
Unpitying, wantonly increase
The living creature's wo?
- 4 The sons of Belial, savage like,
To cruelty inclined,
In acts of foul barbarity
Betray a savage mind.
- 5 Let every creature God hath made,
Your tenderest pity share;
The merciful and gentle mind
Is God's peculiar care.

Hymn 127. L. M.

Against Sabbath breaking. [RHODES

- 1 **T**O good averse, and prone to ill,
We tread the broad forbidden way;
And children of a froward will,
From the fair paths of duty stray.
- 2 The Lord commands his day shall be
A day of holiness and prayer;
A day of rest from industry,
From vain pursuits, and worldly care.
- 3 The rude, the ignorant, and base,
The Lord's most holy sabbath break;
They run from all the means of grace,
And by their sin destruction seek!

- 4 When children in their early days
 Begin the sabbath to profane ;
 Led by example in the ways
 Of wickedness and pleasures vain.
- 5 The Lord of sabbath they despise,
 More harden'd in their baseness grow ;
 Till mighty vengeance from the skies
 Shall hurl them down to endless wo.

Hymn 128. L. M.

Against Stealing. [RHODES.]

- 1 **T**HOU shalt not steal thy neighbour's right.
 Nor covet what is not thine own :
 'The pilfering thief that shuns the light,
 Brings on his head the vengeance down,
- 2 When children in their early days
 Begin to cheat, defraud, and steal ;
 By swift degrees find out the ways
 Which lead to infamy and hell.
- 3 Their days are spent in idle schemes,
 Their nights in stratagems and fears ;
 A ghastly train disturb their dreams,
 And death in dreadful forms appears.
- 4 The Lord our secret sins espies ;
 None can from him their actions hide :
 His wrath the guilty shall surprise,
 But who his vengeance can abide ?
- 5 Oh ! Lord, thy gracious fear impart ;
 Restrain us from unrighteous ways :
 Let grace and truth possess our heart,
 And upright joys crown all our days

Hymn 129. C. M.

Against Lying

[RHODES]

- 1 **T**HE liar who the truth denies,
To cover his offence ;
And by deceit a falsehood tries
To gain his base pretence :
- 2 Abhorr'd of men the wretch shall be ;
None can a liar trust :
His name is stain'd with infamy,
And trampled in the dust !
- 3 The Lord abhors the lying tongue,
Addicted to defame ;
He sees the base deceit and wrong,
And brings the wretch to shame.
- 4 He will the guilty liar shake
In his most dreadful ire ;
And fix his portion in the lake
Of everlasting fire !

Hymn 130. L. M.

Another.

[WESLEY]

- 1 **H**APPY the well instructed youth,
Who in his earliest infancy,
Loves from his heart to speak the truth,
And, like his God, abhors a lie.
- 2 He that has practised no deceit
With false equivocating tongue,
Nor even durst o'erreach or cheat,
Or slanderously his neighbour wrong ;
- 3 He in the house of God shall dwell,
He on his holy hill shall rest ;

The comforts of religion feel,
And then be number'd with the blest.

4 But who or guile or falsehood use,
Or take God's name in vain, or swear,
Or ever lie themselves t' excuse,
They shall their dreadful sentence bear.

5 The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,
Himself hath said that every liar
Shall surely meet his just reward
Assign'd him in eternal fire.

Hymn 131. L. M.

Against swearing.

[WATTS.]

1 **A**NGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name Almighty God!
And devils tremble, down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious Name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:

'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
That heavenly Father whom I love.

- 6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

Hymn 132. P. M.

Against Idleness and Mischief. [WESLEY

- 1 **I**DLE boys and men are found
Standing on the devil's ground:
He will find them work to do,—
He will pay their wages too.

- 2 Are they not of wisdom void,
Those that saunter unemploy'd?
Young or old who fondly play
Their important time away?

- 3 What a bold and foolish lie,
When we hear a trifler cry,
"I no other business have:"
Has he not a soul to save?

- 4 Has he from his Lord above
No one talent to improve?
Let him go and muse on this,
Sloth is the worst wickedness.

- 5 Sloth is the accursed root.
Whence ten thousand evils shoot
Every vice, and every sin
Doth with idleness begin.

- 6 We by idleness expose
Our own souls to endless woes:

We, whenever loitering thus,
Tempt the devil to tempt us.

- 7 But suffice the season past
That our time away we cast,
Thoughtless and insensible,
Dancing on the brink of hell ;
- 8 Let us now to Jesus turn,
For our mispent moments mourn ;
Let us in his Spirit's power
Promise to stand still no more.
- 9 Jesus, help, to Thee we pray,
Take the cursed root away ;
Idleness far off remove ;
Let us Thee and labour love.
- 10 All our time and vigour give,
Serve our Maker while we live ;
Use for God the talents given,
Work on earth, and rest in heaven.

Hymn 133. P. M.

Another.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, fond youth, that busy bee,
How swift she flies from tree to tree
Extracting flowery sweets ·
Thus cheerful all the day she'll roam.
At evening seek her much loved home
To treasure all she meets.
- 2 Full well she knows that winter keen
Must come to blast this painted scene,
With famine on its wing.

Her prudent labours find repose :
 Nor winter cold, nor want she knows,
 Till time renews the spring.

- 3 While yonder drone in sunny haunts,
 Who just supplies his present wants,
 Nor heeds the passing hours ;
 Soon bleak December's piercing air
 Shall mock his want of timely care,
 And chill his vital powers.
- 4 Like the dull drone, shall he who throws
 Away what Providence bestows,
 Soon feel the hand of need ;
 While they whose care is to increase,
 Find like the bee, in winter, peace,
 And every good succeed.

Hymn 134. C. M.

The Christian Race.

[DODDRIDGE

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on :
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye :
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,

When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

- 5 My soul with sacred ardour fired,
The glorious prize pursue;
And meet with joy the high command
To bid this earth adieu.

Hymn 135. C. M.

Improving Time [MRS. CARTER.]

- 1 **I**F idly spent, no art or care
Time's blessing can restore;
And heaven requires a strict account
For every mispent hour.
- 2 Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospect ends:
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.
- 3 Yet equal to our being's aim,
The space to virtue given;
And every minute well improved,
Secures an age in heaven.

Hymn 136. L. M.

Early Rising. [ARMSTRONG.]

- 1 **H**OW foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light
How sweet, at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies,
And mark with curious eye, the sun
Prepare his radiant course to run!

- 2 Its fairest form then nature wears,
 And clad in brightest green appears,
 How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
 And feast the eye with nature's bloom !
 Along the dewy lawn to rove,
 And hear the music of the grove !
- 3 Nor you ye delicate and fair,
 Neglect to taste the morning air ;
 This will your nerves with vigour brace,
 Improve and heighten every grace :
 With lustre teach your eyes to glow,
 And health and cheerfulness bestow.

Hymn 137. P. M.

A Thought at Waking.

- 1 **S**LEEP by night and cares by day,
 Bear my fleeting life away
 Lo ! in yonder eastern skies,
 The sun appears, and bids me rise,
 Tells me, " Life is on the wing,
 And has no returning spring :
 Death comes on with steady pace,
 And life's the only day of grace."
- 2 Shining preacher ! happy morning,
 Let me take th' important warning .
 Rouse, then, all my active powers,
 Well improve the coming hours ;
 Let no trifles kill the day,
 (Trifles oft our hearts betray,) *Vir-
 tue, science, knowledge, truth,*
 Guide th' inquiries of my youth.
- 3 Wisdom and experience sage
 Then shall soothe the cares of age :

Those with time shall never die ;
 Those will lead to joys on high ;
 Those the path of life display,
 Shining with celestial day ;
 Blissful path ! with safety trod,
 The end of which is heaven and God.

Hymn 138. L. M.

The Feathered Tribe our Instructors.

- 1 **W**HEN morning comes, the birds arise,
 And raise their voice towards the skies ;
 With warbling notes, and hallow'd lays,
 They show their great Creator's praise.
- 2 Shall I, then, from my chamber go,
 Or any work presume to do,
 Before I've sought the God of heaven,
 And my just morning tribute given ?
- 3 Come, then, my soul, awake and pray,
 And praise thy Maker day by day ;
 Bless him for raiment, health, and food,
 And for each peaceful night's abode :
- 4 Lest every bird's harmonious song
 Reproach me as I walk along,
 Thoughtless of him, whose guardian power
 Upholds and keeps me every hour.

Hymn 139. C. M.

For the Morning.

[WATTS.]

- 1 **M**Y God who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies !

- 2 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines !
- 3 So like the sun would I fulfil
 The business of the day :
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, oh Lord, thy earthly grace,
 Nor let my soul complain
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain !

Hymn 140. L. M.

Another.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay the morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent moments past,
 And live this day as if thy last :
 Thy talents to improve take care,
 And for thy last account prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon day clear ,
 For God's all seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Hymn 141. C. M.

Living in the Fear of God all the day.

[DODDRIDGE.]

- 1 **T**HRIICE happy they, who born from hea-
 ven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Each day of life with God begin,
 And spend it in his fear !
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may I present
 My offerings to the throne ;
 And while the world my *hands* employs,
 My *heart* be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
 And by each various providence
 Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,
 Or by temptations tried,
 I'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
 And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,
 My grateful heart would be
 With thee amid the social band,
 In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these
 Let all my days be past .

Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

Hymn 142. C. M.

Self Examination in the Evening.

[BROWNE

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, the circling sun
Has all his beams withdrawn,
Once more his daily race is run,
And gloomy night comes on.
- 2 Thus one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain :
Come, then, review what thou hast done,
Eternal life to gain.
- 3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away ?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day ?
- 4 This day, what conquest hast thou gain'd
What sin is overcome ?
What fresh degree of grace obtain'd
To bring thee nearer home ?
- 5 Oh ! do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surprised by death ;
And sink where mercy never beams
When I resign my breath.
- 6 No ! every day thy course review,
Thy real state to learn ;
And with renewed zeal pursue
Thy great and chief concern.

Hymn 143. C. M.

Evening Hymn.

[WATTS.]

- 1 **A**ND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hour of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

Hymn 144. C. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

[WATTS.]

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eye lids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word :

And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, oh Lord.

- 4 I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven ;
Oh may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven !

Hymn 145. L. M.

Another. [STERN ET

- 1 **A** GAIN my weekly labours end,
And I the sabbath's call attend :
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.
- 2 This day let my devotions rise
To heaven a grateful sacrifice ;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet the sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

Hymn 146. L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly sabbath, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble on immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarm of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above ;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

Hymn 147. L. M.

The Lord's Day Evening.

[WATTS

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee'
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go :
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

Hymn 148. C. M.

The Young uniting in devotional Exercises.

1 **H**IGH in the shining courts above,
 God reigns the sovereign King;
 And angels, round his throne of love,
 Sweet hallelujahs sing.

2 He smiles on every pious mind,
 And stoops their songs to hear;
 And not to those bright realms confined;
 Accepts his children's prayer.

3 He sees where youthful hearts unite,
 And form a social band;
 And Jesus ever takes delight
 To guide them with his hand.

4 Their conversation and their prayers,
 Are music in his ears:
 His smiles dispel their gloomy cares,
 And dissipate their fears.

5 Oh! how they scorn those empty joys
 Which earthly minds pursue;
 Celestial love their bosom warms
 With bliss that's ever new.

6 The shining of Jehovah's face,
 And Jesus' dying love,
 Allure them through the wilderness,
 To brighter joys above.

7 Oh! did the young around, but know
 How great their pleasures are,
 They would each golden joy forego,
 Such matchless bliss to share.

Hymn 149. C. M.

Secret Devotion.

[DODDRIDGE]

- 1 **F**ATHER divine ! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind all earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar ;
While grateful praise, and fervent prayer,
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
The day shall close in peace ;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joys shall never cease.

Hymn 150. C. M.

Recovery from Sickness.

[DODDRIDGE]

- 1 **M**Y God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days :
Why was the fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When health and life both ebb'd apace
From every sinking vein.
- 3 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast :

Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

Hymn 151. P. M.

The Fall of the Leaf.

[HORNE

1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :

2 " Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
When, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

3 " Virgins much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red ;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

4 " Youths, though yet no losses grieve you
Gay in health, and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you
Summer gives to autumn place

5 " Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay

Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

- 6 On the Tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be stay'd
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Hymn 152. L. M.

Work while it is day.

- 1 **T**HE short lived day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.
- 2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb;
As ships that skip along the sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey;
- 3 As vanishes the fleeting shade;
As flowers before the evening fade.
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measured by a span.
- 4 I would not wish on earth to stay
Beyond this short uncertain day;
But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
The work appointed me below.
- 5 With willing heart and active hands,
Lord I would practise thy commands;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

Hymn 153. C. M.

Be wise to day, 'tis madness to defer.

- 1 **T**IS but a short uncertain space
 Allow'd us here to live;
 Death, unperceived, comes on apace,
 And may no warning give.
- 2 Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young,
 His fatal dart can fly;
 The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
 Without distinction die.
- 3 Each day we live may be our last,
 For any thing we know:
 Ere the next minute may be past,
 We our last breath may draw.
- 4 And shall we trifle and delay,
 And still keep sinning on?
 Neglect our souls from day to day,
 Till life and time are gone?
- 5 The present moment let us seize,
 For that alone is ours;
 Now set ourselves our God to please,
 With all our active powers.
- 6 "To day, while yet 'tis called to day,"
 Let's hearken to his voice;
 Since danger must attend delay,
 Where heaven has given advice.

Hymn 154. C. M.

On the Death of a Young Person.

[MRS. STEELE.]

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While friendship prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth imprest
With awful power—*I too must die*,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

Hymn 155. L. M.

The Contrast.

1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the dying sinner's bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise .
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears ;
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest ;
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;

A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;
No terror in his looks is seen ;
His Saviour's smiles dispel the gloom,
And smooth his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ,
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

Hymn 156. P. M.

The dying Saint.

- 1 **W**HEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly snore
Who died on earth to sin !
Such peace on piety attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joy begins.
- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !
See the kind angels waiting now,
To lift his soul on high !
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God
Who taught him how to die.
- 3 The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display ;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can turn
Their darkness into day.

- 4 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No sorrow wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast :
 His God the God of peace and love,
 Pours sweetest comforts from above,
 And soothes his heart to rest.

Hymn 157. C. M.

Emblems of Man's Resurrection.

- 1 **A**LL nature dies, and lives again :
 The flower that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield :
 2 Resign the honours of their form
 At winter's stormy blast ;
 And leave the naked, leafless plain,
 A desolated waste.
 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers,
 Anew shall deck the plain ;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.
 4 So to the dreary grave confined,
 Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
 Until th' eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.

Hymn 158. C. M.

Autumnal Reflections.

- 1 **I**N fading grandeur, lo ! the trees,
 Their tarnish'd honours shed ;
 While every leaf compelling breeze
 Lays their dim verdure dead

- 2 Ere long the genial breath of spring
Shall all their charms renew ;
And flowers and fruits, and foliage bring,
All pleasing to the view !
- 3 Not such is man's appointed fate ;
One spring alone he knows ;
One summer, one autumnal state,
One winter's dead repose.
- 4 Yet, not the dreary sleep of death
Shall e'er his powers destroy ;
But man shall draw immortal breath
In endless pain or joy.
- 5 Important thought—ye mortals, hear
On what your peace depends :
The voice of truth invites your ear,
And this the voice she sends :
- 6 “ When virtue glows with youthful charms,
How bright the vernal skies !
When virtue, like the summer warms,
What golden harvests rise !
- 7 “ When vices spring without control,
What bitter fruits appear !
A wintry darkness wraps the soul,
And horrors close the year !
- 8 “ Let youths to virtue's shrine repair,
And men their tribute bring ;
Old age shall drop its load of care,
And death shall lose its sting.
- 9 “ Borne upward on seraphic wing,
Their happy souls shall soar,
And there enjoy eternal spring,
Nor fear a winter more.”

Hymn 159. L. M.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **T**HAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,
When from death's awful slumber roused,
God's dread command all must obey.
- 2 Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And through the heavens tremendous roll;
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.
- 3 In glory see! the Judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light:
- 4 The trumpet's loud and dreadful blast,
Sounds through the regions of the dead:
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.
- 5 All righteous and eternal Judge!
When summon'd at thy bar to stand,
May I, acquitted and approved,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

Hymn 160. L. M.

Books opened.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come:
Do I not hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground?
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust;
Awed by the Judge's high command,

Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

- 3 Behold the awful book display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

Hymn 161. P. M.

The Final Sentence. [NEWTON

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 The Judge descends, the dead awaken,
Rise to life, from earth and sea :
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee !
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 3 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
“ Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
Thou with Satan
And his angels, have thy part.”

- 1 But to those who have confess'd,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye bless'd,
 See the kingdom I bestow;
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."
- 5 Under sorrows and reproaches
 May this thought our courage raise,
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze'

Hymn 162. C. M.

Heaven.

[MRS. STEELE.]

- 1 **O** H world of bliss! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
 There grief no more complains:
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No malice, strife, or envy there
 The sons of peace molest:
 But harmony, and love sincere,
 Fill every happy breast.
- 4 There, no alternate night is known,
 No sun's faint sickly ray;
 But glory from th' eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

- 5 Oh may this heavenly prospect fire
 My heart with ardent love ;
 May lively faith and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

- Hymn 163. C. M.

For Christmas Day. [DODDRIDGE.]

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng ;
 For angels no such love have known,
 To wake a rapt'rous song.
- 2 Good will to guilty men is shown,
 And peace on earth is given ;
 For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
 With messages from heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn ;
 Let heaven and earth in concert join,
 Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid ;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When we shall reach those blissful realms
 Where Christ exalted reigns,
 We'll learn of the celestial choir
 Their own immortal strains.

Hymn 164. P. M.

For the Eve of the New Year. [GREENE.]

- 1 **M**Y days, and weeks, and months, and
years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole :
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I shall launch those boundless deeps
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 Eternal bliss, or endless wo,
Hang on this inch of time below,
This poor precarious breath :
The God of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.
- 3 But will my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live, or cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be :
If heaven decrees thou must not die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death hath set thee free ?
- 4 Before thy throne, great God, I bow,
And humbly beg assistance now,
To know my real state :
While life, and health, and time endure,
Fain would I make my heaven secure,
Before it be too late.
- 5 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way,
Which leads to joys on high

My soul renew, my sins forgive ;
 Nor let me ever dare to live
 Such as I dare not die !

- 6 With thee let every day be pass'd ;
 And when that comes which proves my last,
 May glory dawn within !
 Then banish from me every doubt ;
 And, ere life's glimmering lamp goes out,
 Let endless joys begin !

Hymn 165. L. M.

New Year's Day.

[DODDRIDGE

- 1 **G**OD of my life, thy constant care
 With blessings crowns each op'ning
 year.
 This guilty life dost thou prolong,
 And wake anew my annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since from this day the changing sun
 Through his last yearly period run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say
 Or through the year, or month, or day,
 "I shall retain this vital breath,
 Thus far, at least, in league with death ?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God !
 'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;
 It holds its life from thee alone,
 On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee my spirit I resign,
 Oh ! make and own it still as thine ;

So shall it smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

Hymn 166. P. M.

For Easter.

- 1 **C**HRISt the Lord, is risen to day—
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done :
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er :
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal :
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death, in vain, forbids his rise ;
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again, our glorious King !
Where, oh death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

Hymn 167. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

- 1 **T**HIS day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 2 Ten thousand different lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,

Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

- 3 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls he loved.
- 4 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 5 Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line,
Corruptions never could take hold
On aught so much divine.
- 6 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath the powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below:
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.
- 8 And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.
- 9 To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

Hymn 168. L. M.

FOR CHILDREN IN CHARITY SCHOOLS.

Gratitude for the advantages of a School.

- 1 **G**REAT source of good ! our youthful lays,
Inspired by thine all bounteous hand,
Unite to celebrate thy praise,
Whose praise is due from every land.
- 2 Though humbly born, yet through thy care,
Extended wide as boundless space
The poorest of us now may share
The richest treasures of thy grace
- 3 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
We owe to thy paternal love :
Assist us, Lord, while we prepare
For nobler joys in heaven above !
- 4 Thee may our lips and lives express
The sense we have of love divine !
And with our latest breath we'll bless
Those generous friends who make us thine.

Hymn 169. L. M.

Gratitude to their Benefactors.

- 1 **H**ELPLESS and poor, we, but for you,
Had been as unsupported vines :
The generous elms their aid afford,
And round your strength our weakness twines
- 2 Some grapes, by ripening suns matured
May bless your deeds, and vintage give ;
And you, as wine of your own growth,
Our future services receive.

- 3 For faithful servants, to their Lord,
Are corn, and wine, and balm fraught oil,
And many household comforts rest
Upon their care and useful toil.
- 4 A little captive Hebrew maid,
That waited upon Naaman's wife,
Became the happy mean that led
To Israel's God, and health, and life.
- 5 Great God! oh make us useful thus
To all our benefactors here,
And when before thy judgment seat,
May we their crowns of joy appear.

Hymn 170. C. M.

On the opening of a School.

- 1 **O**N this auspicious happy day,
What incense shall we bring?
What grateful, humble homage pay
To our Almighty King?
- 2 Be his dread name on earth confess'd,
As 'tis by those above;
What is th' employment of the bless'd,
But songs of praise and love!
- 3 That breath which we from heaven receive,
We thus in hymns restore;
And while we on his bounty live,
We'll wonder and adore.
- 4 Rescued from want, and vice, and shame
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim
And live but to thy praise.

- 5 My heart, and voice, and life combine
 His goodness to express :
 May all that hear us, with us join
 And our Redeemer bless.

Hymn 171. C. M.

For an Annual Meeting of Charity Children.

- 1 **A** GAIN the kind revolving year
 Has brought this happy day ?
 And we in God's blest house appear,
 Again our vows to pay.
- 2 Our watchful guardians robed in light,
 Adore the heavenly King :
 Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
 Incessant praises sing.
- 3 They know no want, they feel no care,
 Nor ever sigh as we ;
 Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
 And all is harmony.
- 4 If aught can there enhance their bliss,
 Or raise their raptures higher,
 New joys in heaven at sights like this,
 New anthems fill the choir.
- 5 With what resembling care and love
 Both worlds for us appear !
 Our friendly guardians, those above,
 Our benefactors here.

Hymn 172. L. M.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Hymn 173. L. M.

At Parting.

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

Hymn 174. L. M.

Praise.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

INDEX.

	Page
Again my weekly labours end,	122
Again the kind revolving year,	143
All nature dies and lives again,	131
All power to save, oh Lord is thine,	92
Almighty God, to thee I cry,	62
Almighty God, thy piercing eye,	102
All hail the power of Jesus' name,	3
Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,	75
And now, my soul, the circling sun,	120
And now another day is gone,	121
Angels that high in glory dwell,	111
Arise, ye friends of Eden, arise,	25
Assembled in our school once more,	27
Author and end of my desires,	101
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,	114
Awake, my soul, and with the sun,	118
Behold, fond youth, that busy bee,	113
Behold, the morning sun,	38
Behold, that wise, that perfect law,	43
Behold the sin atoning Lamb,	73
Behold, where, in a mortal form,	97
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,	44
Children in years and knowledge young,	47
Children, awake, nor slumb'ring lie	12
Christ, the Lord, is risen to day,	139
Come, children, 'tis Jesus commands,	47
Come, my companions dear,	80
Come, let us all unite to praise,	81
Come, let us join our God to praise,	88
Come, let us search our ways, and try,	98
Come, let our voices join,	17
Creation groans beneath its curse,	107
Day of judgment, day of wonders,	124
Eterna! Being! Source of love!	21

	Page
Father of mercies, in thy word,	42
Father of mercies, show,	69
Father divine, thy piercing eye,	125
Father, adored in worlds above!	13
Fountain, of blessing ever blest,	90
From all that dwell below the skies,	143
Glory to God, let us ascribe,	19
God of my life, thy constant care,	138
God, who in various methods told,	36
Great God, to thee my voice I raise,	84
Great God, with wonder, and with praise,	30
Great source of good! our youthful lays,	141
Great God, thy watchful care we bless,	4
Great God, and wilt thou condescend,	14
Great God, accept our songs of praise,	21
Hail, sacred Truth, whose piercing rays,	34
Happy beyond description, he,	51
Happy Samuel, to God,	59
Happy the child, whose tender years,	52
Happy tho well instructed youth,	110
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,	71
Hark, the voice of love and mercy	78
Hasten, sinner, to be wise,	56
Hear, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,	7
Helpless and poor, we bat for you,	141
High let us swell our tuneful notes,	136
High in the shining courts above,	124
How shall the young secure their hearts,	38
How soft the words my Saviour speaks,	51
How happy, Lord, thy children are,	53
How lost our state by nature is,	63
How highly favour'd Lord, are we,	87
Holy child, of heavenly birth,	9 & 99
How shall a young unstable man,	101
How foolish they who lengthen night,	115
How precious is the book divine,	31
How serious is the charge,	24
How should our souls delight to bless,	23
I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,	67
I am a child in knowledge young,	9
Let boys and men are found,	112
If idly spent, no art or care,	115

	Page
In fading grandeur, lo! the trees,	131
In the soft season of thy youth,	50
Is it a thing of good report,	107
Jesus, and shall it ever be,	96
Let children hear the mighty deeds,	44
Let children proclaim their Saviour, &c,	80
Let children that would fear the Lord,	100
Let nature to her centre shake,	93
Let us adore the grace that seeks	16
Lord, fix my wand'ring thoughts,	32
Lord, teach a little child to pray,	4
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,	123
Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,	84
Lord, I have made thy word my choice,	35
Lord, I would be a child of thine,	94
Lord, we confess our numerous faults,	70
Lo! the young tribes of Adam rise,	56
Maker, Saviour of mankind,	93
Methinks the last great day is come,	133
Mighty Lord, whilſt angels bless thee,	82
My days, and weeks, and months, and years,	137
My glorious Lord to heaven is gone,	78
My God, thy service well demands,	125
My God, who makes the sun to know,	117
My son, know thou the Lord,	49
My gracious God! accept my prayer,	98
My thoughts arise, and soar above,	16
Now let my soul, eternal King,	35
Now let us raise our cheerful strains,	77
Now let a true ambition rise,	19
Oh for a thankful heart,	85
On this auspicious, happy day,	142
Oh thou, whose tender mercy hears,	91
Oh that I, like Timothy,	39
Oh thou, whom none hath seen or known,	41
Oh thou, whose providential grace,	86
Oh where are the men, with virtue endow'd,	61
Oh world of bliss! could mortal eyes,	145
Once more before we part,	141
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,	144
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,	46
See the leaves around us falling,	126

	Page
Sleep by night, and cares by day,	116
Stretch'd on the cross, the Saviour dies,	72
Teacher, Guide of young beginners,	65
Teacher of babes, to thee,	40
That solemn day will soon arrive,	133
The book of nature open lies,	28
The Christians of old united in one,	60
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,	33
The short lived day declines in haste,	127
The liar who the truth denies,	110
The Lord he knows the thoughts of men,	64
The praises of my tongue,	37
The Saviour comes, the prophets long,	71
The season of youth is soon past,	54
The starry heavens thy rule obey,	29
The soul untaught is dark as night,	5
The praises of my tongue,	6
There is a path that leads to God	11
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,	122
This is a precious book indeed!	8
This day be grateful homage paid,	139
This is the day when Christ arose,	121
Thou who didst with love and blessing,	27
Thou shalt not steal thy neighbour's right,	900
Though children in stature and years,	48
Thrice happy they who born from heaven,	119
Tidings of grace now reach our ears,	68
'Tis but a short uncertain space,	128
'Tis religion that can give,	53
To God the Creator of all,	66
To good averse, and prone to ill,	108
Twas by an order from the Lord,	32
What are all earthly blessings, Lord,	91
What blest examples do I find,	58
What glory gilds the sacred page,	42
What scenes of horror and of dread,	129
What is there, Lord, a child can do,	15
What though the arm of conquering death,	22
When to the house of God we go,	11
When Jesus left his heavenly throne,	23
When blooming youth is snatch'd away,	129
When, dear Lord, oh! tell us when,	103

	Page
Whene'er I take my walks abroad,	89
When I survey the wondrous cross,	75
When life's tempestuous storms are o'er	130
When morning comes, the birds arise,	117
Where two or three with sweet accord, .	23
Why should I say, 'Tis yet too soon, .	57
Why should our parents call us good, .	105
Why should our garments, made to hide, .	ditto
With humble heart and tongue, . . .	62
Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm, . .	45
Ye humble souls that seek the Lord, . .	77
Wonder—amazing sight—I see, . . .	74

THE END.









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